THE Weesil Trap'd:

A

POEM:

Being a

REFLECTION

On the late

Satyrical Fable.

——— Who can be secure from Wrongs,
Or Slanders from Licencious Tongues?
For tho Geese sav'd the Capitol,
By Cackling from th' Invading Gaul,
And shew'd the Enemy was near;
Yet had they all been Slanderers there
The Roman Guard had been deceiv'd,
And not a Goose of them believ'd.

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Wecsil Trap'd.

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On the late

Satyrical Fable.

THE Weesil Trap'd, &c.

The Argument of the Canto.

The Hare *deserts the Country Plains*
To Argue on Weesilion's *Case,*
In his Defence takes mighty Pains
To prove his Swearing no Disgrace.

CANTO I.

WIthin a happy virdant Vale
Preserv'd, and bounded with a Pale,
The Sweet demeans of some Grandee
Blest with the Worlds Prosperity;
Where Natures choicest Fruits did grow,
And Baron Buck with Lady Doe,
With a large Herd of Children Fawns
In Pleasure trip'd it o're the Lawns.
Old * *Keyward*, of all Brutes most Wise, [* *The Hare.*
Spent a long Life in Rural Joys;

And

And tho ſometimes his peaceful Bounds
Invaded were with Neighbouring Hounds:
Inveterate Foes in every place
To him, and all his long Ear'd Race;
Yet his nice Wiſdom underſtood
By Shifts to make his Party good;
With ſubtle Turnings foyle the Scent,
And Danger ſtill by Wit prevent;
When Thouſands of his Tribe were ſlain,
And Yearly hunted o're the Plain.
In Statick's and Philoſophy,
None e're ſo Curious was as he.
In Politicks too nicely Learn'd,
'Mongſt which of late having diſcern'd
Some Pamphlets written to diſgrace,
His deareſt Friend, *Weeſilion*'s Caſe.
Brim full of amicable Love
Reſolves from Manſion to remove,
And ſome ſmall time in Town to ſpend
To right, and vindicate his Friend.

Cold Winter now the Ground had froze,
Which happy time wiſe *Keyward* choſe;
When thoſe that lov'd to mouth his Knell,
Could not perſue him by the Smell.
And now to Town being ſafely come,
Unſeen came boldly to the Room
Juſt as the *Weeſils*, nam'd of late,
Left off and ended their debate:
But finding by his ſighing Friend
The Viſitant had been unkind,
And Critically had made bold
To touch too near his Copy-hold;
Reſolv'd as Maſter of the Arts
Of Argument to ſhew his Parts,

And a grave Look firſt putting on,
Urg'd by his Friendſhip thus begun.
Keyward, By the concern that does diſplace
The Smiles in dear *Weeſilion*'s Face,
And what has paſt between you two,
I find the News i'th' Country true:
That for his *Reaſons*, late made known,
He's teiz'd by all the Brutes in Town;
Horſes of War, Bulls, Lordly Cats,
Law-Foxes, and Poetick-Rats,
The Courtier Boar, Fitchew Phyſician,
Church-*Weeſil*, and Aſs Politician,
In Railing Scrowls have rent his Name,
And ſtrove to blaſt his Reverend Fame.
The City Sheep, too with dull Face,
Prerends to ſtate his Conſcience Caſe,
As if he Reaſon underſtood,
Or that he thought his own as Good:
But amongſt all, it ſeems, your Tongue
Has been moſt ready to do Wrong;
You, as you were the Pariſh Mouth,
Rail at his taking the late Oath;
And tho Sound Reaſon was his Guide,
Dare Impudently vouch 'twas Pride,
As if the Notions of his Soul
You could Diſpotickly controul,
Or had his Conſcience in your Fiſt
To turn, and vary where you liſt.
When ſtill, in ſpite of your pretence,
The Cauſe is from your want of Senſe,
And modeſt patience in my Friend,
That gives ye freedom to contend:
For had you knowledge from above
To underſtand what he does prove,
Or would his Wiſdom ſtoop ſo low
To take the pains t'inſtruct you how,

His Reaſons would appear as plain,
As now you think 'em ſlight and vain;
And you had own'd your ſelf a Brute,
Of all moſt Senſeleſs, to Diſpute.

Viſitant W. Tho in your natty Country Phraſe
You throw this Dirt upon my Face,
And Cavil at my Senſe before,
You know its Efficacy or Pow'r.
To you and all your long Ear'd Rout
I'le make my late Objections out;
And if Three parts o'th' Town can Judge
Plainly, Demonſtrate tis no grudge
To grave *Weeſilion*, nor his Place,
That makes our Friends Condemn his *Caſe*;
But Contradictions which we find
In Writings of another kind.

Keyward, If any Contradiction was,
'Tis only in th' *Reſiſtance Caſe*,
Which in his Preface late he owns,
And for the ſmall Miſtake attones,
With ſo much Modeſty and Shame,
It lays no blot upon his Fame.
And as to what the Town declares,
An unlick'd Crew of Woolves and Bears;
Their naucious Senſes are ſo vile,
True Virtue they can ne're Defile:
The Ermin will be White as Snow,
In ſpite of all the Filth they throw:
Beſides to blaſt a Sacred Name
On the meer ſcore of publick Fame;
And awful Learning ſo Diſgrace,
Is equally Abſurd as Baſe.

But who can be ſecure from Wrongs,
Or Slanders from Licenſious Tongues?

For

For tho Geese sav'd the Capitol,
By Cackling from th' Invading Gaul,
And shew'd the Enemy was near;
Yet had they all been Slanderers there
The Roman Guard had been deceiv'd,
And not a Goose of them believ'd.
Visitant W. Your subtle Topick there is known,
But, pray, Where is the Slander shown?
If I should the Advantage take,
Because you vouch your Coat is Black;
And e're I can affirm it true
You presently shall Swear 'tis Blew.
Keyward, The truest Instance will be pickt,
When you can prove we Contradict,
'Tis not by urging our Disgraces,
Or bringing *Cases* against *Cases*:
Meerly relying on your Sense,
Or putting off with Impudence.
But sollid Reason must be known
More than you hitherto have shown,
Your Prentices of unknown Trades,
And your Replys of Kitchen-maids;
Your *Weesils* squeaking far from home,
And the sharp Scourge of Whipping *Tom*.
With every other odd Remark,
Serve but to leave us in the Dark:
'Tis Conscience must the doubt unty,
And no Man need to tell you why.
Visitant W. Then Conscience, by your Rule, we find
An *Ignis fatuus* of the Mind,
Instead of Grace that Souls enriches,
It leads us into Bogs and Ditches,
Where a poor Traveler that came
To find streight Paths out by that Flame;
Perhaps was farther from his Inn,
Than when he did first begin.

Key-

Keyward, To two Points you muſt Conſcience bring,
That's for, or elſe againſt the King;
And you may Argue what you pleaſe,
But 'tis Complyance muſt give Eaſe.
If you reſolve to ſtem the Stream,
And to Miſhaps your ſelf Condemn;
Your Stubbornneſs intails a woe
Upon your ſelf, and Country too.
Now whether Conſcience makes amends
For all the Harm, I do my Friends,
Or that I ſhould admit the Caſe,
According to the times Diſtreſs
Shews ſcope for Argument; mean time,
T' obey Superiours, is no Crime;
And I no more ought to deny
Allegiance and Supremacy,
Then I ſhould queſtion from whence ſprings
The Divine Right of making Kings:
Thus he to whom this Senſe appears,
Knows always what, and when he Swears.

Viſitant W. The Caſe is very hard to clear,
If a Man knows not when to Swear?
But wavering ſtands with a Demur,
Sometimes againſt, and ſometimes for:
It ſeems as if he were in doubt,
And wants a Cranny to creep out;
Or were but yet half ſatisfied
In Conſcience which he calls his Guide.

Keyward, When it's upon the Souls concern,
Is any Man too Wiſe to learn?
Or can my care be my Offence,
Becauſe I would inform my Senſe?
How Inſolent would be that Fool?
How beyond Patience proudly Dull?
That ſhould with a vain-glorious Huff
Affirm that he has learnt enough.

That

That every Father was a Sot,
And by his Tenets ſhould be taught;
Preſuming he had all the Ground
Of Learning from his proper Fund.
If you ſhould hear ſuch Dialogues,
Would you not think 'em prating Rogues;
And that they were more Ignorant,
The more they did of Knowledge vaunt?
True Vertue ever noted was,
The fruit of Wiſdom and of Grace;
And what a better Sign can be
Of Grace, than Sacred Modeſty?

All the Objections yet have roſe,
Are grounded on a meer Suppoſe;
For though you Circumſtances bring,
You never yet could prove the thing;
But Hang and Draw for an Offence,
On meer preſumptive Evidence:
Thus like a Peaſant Rob'd, you draw
From Circumſtance ſevereſt Law,
Who proſecutes without Remorſe
One, he *ſuppoſes*, ſtole his Horſe.

Viſitant W. Your Notions are abſurd and vain,
Where Matter of the Fact is plain;
Suppoſe could ne're a Verdict get
From any Jury that had Wit;
Nor Circumſtances gain belief,
With Force enough to hang a Thief.
But he his fault does plain reveal,
That gives it under Hand and Seal.

Keyw. That Confutation's yet to know,
Whither it be a fault or no;

When Conscience promts us, and the Case
Alludes to Union and to Peace;
Tho Writings appear *Pro* and *Con*,
The Writer's never the Worse Man;
When what he does is understood,
Consisting with the publick Good.
As Heaven is the State of Bliss,
The nearest Path to it is Peace;
And the best Branch of Peace is meant
Submission to the Government.
The Vulgar are too dull to know
Th'Intent of all the Clergy do:
Thus Some Sage Writings they Condemn;
Whilst others Contradictions seem;
When they are really no Crimes,
But Good and proper for the Times,
As those they scurrilously Quote,
Were for the Seasons they were wrote.

Besides, how can we e're Commend
A Man to be his Countries Friend,
That does not in all points agree
To promote Peace and Amity?
Which never can be planted here,
Whilst we believ't a Crime to Swear;
Or think it an opprobrious thing
To own Allegiance to a K----
Whose Merit so Divine appears,
He ought next Heaven to have our Prayers.

Visitant W. Your Praise perhaps is less than due,
If you said more, we grant it true;
The Generous Lion we must own,
As Brave as ever fill'd a Throne:

Nor

Nor do we the Black Coats Condemn
For the Allegiance sworn to him;
But for their Kid-skin Consciences
That stretch for gain, what side they please.

Keyw. There must be a distinction sure,
Some may be frail, but others pure;
The Sect you mean, you should make known.

Visit. W. Troth of all Sects they't much at one.

Keyw. Nay, now y'are Cinical agen.

Visit. W. Sir I am troubled with the Spleen;
And e're we Canvase more this Case
Pray give me leave to speak one Phrase:
Natural Religion first was plain,
Tales, made it Mystery; Offrings, Gain;
Fat Sacrifices Priests Prepar'd,
They Eat, and th'Idol gap'd and Star'd.

Keyw. This Notion is Apocryphal,
But suits the Matter not at all.
With *Pagan* Priests what should we do?
I hope they all are Christians now.

Visit. W. I hope so too.

Keyw. You cannot doubt:

Visit. W. Nor if I should, you make it out.

Keyw. You Rail, you Rail;

Visit. W.

Visit. W. Yes, so you say;
I must be blunt, 'tis still my Way;
And have what thoughts of me you will,
I'le keep my honest Method still;
Which is not prone to Scorn or Hate,
The Learn'd that at the Altar wait;
But only fairly to require,
All those that must my Soul Inspire,
And teach it by their Rules to fly
To its blest Seat beyond the Sky;
To make my Faith more firmly grow
By good Examples that they show,
Few of the Task, right Judgment make
Of those this awful Function take;
How strange a Vice appears in them,
That does in others nothing seem?
And tho we common frailty find,
Scatter'd abroad in all our kind;
Yet a Church Weesiil's less forgiven
Than any Vermin under Heaven.

Keyw. What their worst Vice do you believe?

Visit. W. Strong Avarice, for which I grieve;
They love preferment, so they scorn
One Benefice should serve the turn.
----A Fault most Heinous.

Keyw. Have you none?
Exposing there's, don't hide your own.

Visit. W. No, I, even Bacon Gammon can defy,
Or the Dear Pudding Crust of Turkey Pye;

I'de

I'de not renounce my Honour or my Faith,
For all the Cheer my Lord Mayor's Larder hath.

Scarce had the Weesil time to tell,
This last Bravado, when a Smell
Of Luscious Fat *Westphalia* Ham,
Acros his Nostrils steeming came
From a close Larder, which did joyn
To th'Hall where all the Templer's dine;
The tempting Scent, Savoury and Hot,
So Charm'd him, he had straight forgot
His Arguments, and now was peeping
To find some Hole that he might Creep in
To dine on the most Luscious Dish,
That gratefully e're blest his Wish;
Which th'other two, that well did know,
The Bait, perceiv'd, and let him go;
When see the Short-liv'd happiness
That still attends on Mortal Bliss,
A Curs'ed Cook that long had Nurst
A spite about some Pasty Crust,
Late damag'd, with a Devillish Gin
Of Wood, and Wire, Snar'd him in:
In vain he Squeeks, in vain he Tares
His Witty Pate against the Barrs;
In vain he calls the Hare for Aid,
He of his Sorrows Mockery made.
And knowing that his Doom was near,
Augments his Sorrows with this Jeer.

Keyw. You that could Argue late so well,
And Moral Rites to others tell,
Rail at our vices and declare,
How Innocent of all you were,

I find with Frailty overtaken,
And Virtue Batter'd down with Bacon,
Which now a good Reflection brings
On the frail ſtate of Human things;
That Honour, Wit, Religion, Law,
Intereſt, can to its Party draw;
And who this truth diſguiſes beſt,
Waits but his time to cheat the Reſt.

FINIS.

The *Bookſeller's* Advertiſement.

THere being lately come out a Poem called the Anti-Weeſils, *in the Preface of which the Author of the* Weeſils *is very highly Arrained, his Vindication againſt ſuch ſcandalous Reflections being a Cauſe not worthy the drawing his own Pen; the Bookſeller as obliged to be Champion for his Authors, and even with his little Senſe being able to inform the Gentleman's Miſunderſtanding, has begg'd a Blank Page in this Poem, to tell him, that the Author of the* Weeſils *is not that Enemy of the Government that he maliciouſly miſrepreſents him, nor intended or writ any Reflections upon it, nor thought the taking of the preſent Oaths Perjury; or has he any ways viliſied the Noble Deſerters of the late Cauſe, as he Barbarouſly ſuggeſts; there being not one Line in the whole Poem that can juſtly be perverted into any ſuch villanous meaning.*

Neither this Gentleman (would he be candid,) nor any Perſon elſe (can well believe the little Rallery of that piece of Banter, as he is pleas'd to call it,) can carry any ſuch perverſe Signification. And 'tis almoſt ridiculous to think it ſhould have the power to nettle ſo many of the Reverend, *whom (as intended) it ſhould rather divert than diſguſt, there being nothing in it but what every Man has heard a Hundred times over in common Diſcourſe. 'Tis a little odd (however like the reſt of his Preface,) that the* Anti-Weeſilarian *ſhould be ſo dull, as to imagine that the naming of* Freeborn Brute *ſhould be an affront to an* Engliſh-Man, *when the Scene is laid in a Foreſt, and Brutes are the Repreſenters. Nor does he that way (as falſly charged) Impeach any Doctor of the Church for any Apoſtacy from King* James, *but only for prevaricating againſt his own formerly avow'd Principles.*

As

As for his Accuſation of want of Chriſtianity, in relation to the Reſurrection of the Knights Templers in his 4th *Line, if the Knights are not angry with him for his Rallery, I fancy this Gentleman might have ſpared his ſevere Sentiment; and I muſt freely tell him, he has more abuſed* Mr. Dodwell *in doubting his Church, who is known to be both a Learned and Religious Man, than the Author has in his Verſes any of the Croſs Legg'd Heroes.*

As for the Poetical part of the Anti-Weſils, *'tis ſuppoſed the Author of the former, if he finds it worth his while, has Genius enough to anſwer himſelf; for my own part I think I have done enough for him for this time.* Vale.

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